UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
Editor in Chief

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Which Handle?

By JESSE H. HOLMES

America—Which Way?

By SYDNEY STRONG

Princes and the Native States of India

By EDWARD HOLTON JAMES

Thoughts of Tolstoy

PART XXVII

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Renunciation Day

Mr. Galsworthy's suggestion of a world peace day—a day set apart by the nations of the world that have signed the Briand-Kellogg Pact of Paris for solemn and yet joyous celebration—is worthy of adoption. It might come to be the one great day of common observance throughout the earth. The proposed new calendars have a place for it. But even the one which we now use could find a day in whose observance all nations could unite as its light proceeds around the globe and the sun exchanges watch with the stars and the moon.

In the Western World the day might well be taken which is now known as Armistice Day, making the armistice of the World War a perpetual renunciation, for it still keeps, despite all the treaties that have followed it, the inevitability as well as the memory of arms. It still sounds of war. . . .

It is a hopeful fact that the attitude of the world has in general been so changed that, whereas before 1914 to believe in the need for peace was "to be considered somewhat of a freak," now not to believe in it "is to be the village idiot." This puts it extravagantly, but points the direction in which the thought of all peoples is moving. And it is not only their thought but their high resolve—the most significant since "the great result" of the Stygian Council whose chief sought out the happy seat of that "new race called man" and stirred its inhabitants to strife among themselves and the levying of cruel wars, "wasting the earth, each other to destroy," as if they had not hellish foes enough besides.

The author of the "Forsyte Saga" could not better spend the years that lie before his pen than in helping to keep the world mindful of its resolve to renounce war as an instrument of national policy. The renunciation of war, as Dr. Butler remarks in his report as director of the division of Intercourse and Education of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, is "mere words," but "so are the Ten Commandments and the Constitution of the United States." All that is now required is that the faith which is incorporate in the words of renunciation be kept.—The New York *Times.*

Poor America

Poor America! Its bubble has burst. Mass production and the policy of isolation have failed. Like Europe, America staggers before unemployment and bankruptcy. We are all now in the same boat, and it is a leaky boat. The ship of capitalism is sinking.

It was a great joy after three years to return to the land where I was born. There is vigor in the air. The clear blue skies of winter are intoxicating, the friendliness of the people heart-

(*Continued on page* 192)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

VOLUME CVII MONDAY, MAY 18, 1931 NUMBER 12

WAR

"Ez fer war, I call it murder—
  There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
  Than my Testyment fer that;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
  It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.

"'Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
  Make the thing a grain more right;
'Taint afollerin' your bell-wethers
  Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
  An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer fer it,
  God'll send the bill to you.

"Wut's the use o' meetin'-goin'
  Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
  Feller-men like oats an' rye?
I dunno but what it's pooty
  Trainin' round in bobtail coats—
But it's curus Christian dooty
  This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats."

—*James Russell Lowell,* in "The Bigelow Papers."

President Hoover's widely discussed address of welcome to the International Chamber of Commerce Convention was richly entitled to all the praise it received. It was in many ways the President's most notable as well as courageous public utterance. In this speech Mr. Hoover did numerous much-needed things. Thus, he exposed "the gigantic waste of competition in military establishments," and the part such "waste" is playing in the current world-wide economic depression. He disclosed again "the failure to secure peace through either competitive arms or intimidation," and thus the sheer superstition of the doctrine of preparedness. He reminded the world of "the Briand-Kellogg pact," and the logic of its renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy. Above all, he added his weighty because official voice to the plea for disarmament, and placed himself in the forefront of contemporary statesmanship by extending this plea to cover land armaments as well as naval armaments. Lastly, of course, there is the fact that this address was not merely flung out upon the air, like Longfellow's arrow, but was aimed straight and sure at the target of next year's Geneva Conference. "Within a short time," said President Hoover, "the principal nations of the world will meet to discuss the broad question of reduction in armaments." Hence these words!—the words of a man who suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly seems determined to lead the sentiment of mankind for disarmament and peace. That they will work any miracle in Europe, we cannot believe. The Boston *Herald* is right in saying that there is to be found "little solace in the condition today of the European countries." But meanwhile the President has given a new authority to pacifist agitation, and we "thank God and take courage."

Revolutions are the order of the day. No sooner was the revolution in Spain removed from the front page than revolution broke out in Honduras. Then came the outbreak in Portugal. These three revolutions within a period of a fortnight were only the last of a succession of revolutions which have shaken like so many earthquakes the established order of society during the last decade. But our hunger for revolutions is still insatiable. We cannot get enough of them. We wish that more, and yet more, would come along and crowd the spaces of our newspapers. We want a revolution in Cuba, for example, a great big revolution to tip the president into the sea and send him swimming or floating fast toward the hospitable shores of America. We want a revolution in Hungary, to take Horthy by the nape of the neck and kick him in the direction of Alfonso's hotel in Paris. We want a revolution in Jugo-Slavia to teach one more king his place and reveal to him the delights of foreign travel. We want a revolution in Poland so that Pilsudski may be given opportunity to brush up on his French and meet some of the charming ladies on the boulevards of the French capital. We want a revolution in Colombia, Venezuela and the whole lot of the South American countries that badly need improvement. We want a revolution in Italy—O ye great gods of ancient days,

how we want a revolution in Italy! Ten years of our good life would be little enough to spare in payment for the supreme joy of seeing Mussolini chased from Rome to Paris by the glad procession of the thousands of men and women who have suffered helplessly the cruelties of his regime. Yes, revolution is a good thing. Alfonso has set a style which ought to be followed widely. Revolutions even in unusual places would not disturb us very much. They are disagreeable at the time, especially for those who have to do the skedaddling, but when the revolutions of our age seem to be particularly mussy and messy, we find reassurance in the thought that the perspective of a hundred years always makes the picture good. The American Revolution and the French Revolution yesterday seem to us today to have been beneficent. Is not this true of all revolutions if only they be given time enough for judgment?

A recent court decision in Ohio records the greatest victory for free speech that this country has seen since the War. This decision was handed down in the case of Paul F. Kassay, the Goodyear-Zeppelin mechanic who had boasted of his intention to leave rivets out of the navy dirigible, "Akron." His alleged loose language led to his arrest under the Ohio criminal syndicalist law, and his appearance before Judge Wanamaker who promptly dismissed the case. Declaring that in his opinion the syndicalist law was clearly unconstitutional, the Judge ruled that mere talk, with no evidence that the proposed crime was carried out, is not a crime in itself. He said:

> There is no question but that the State of Ohio has the constitutional right to prohibit advocacy of doctrines for the purpose and with the intent of having these doctrines used, but it has not the right to prohibit the liberty of speech to the extent that mere doctrines, as such, cannot be exchanged and used and considered in the exchange of ideas on the public forum.
>
> Mere talk, in and of itself alone, unattended with evil consequences that might reasonably be expected to flow therefrom, cannot be made by law a crime in Ohio.

The remarkable aspect of this decision is its support of the idea, long held by the American Civil Liberties Union in accordance with the best American tradition, that speech in itself is not, and cannot be, a crime. Evil intent and possible dire consequences are not punishable offenses. Criminal results must first follow the words spoken—then, and then only, can criminal procedure properly be started! This principle was a commonplace among "the founding fathers." It is without question the intent behind the first article of the Bill of Rights. But it has been so completely lost sight of since the War, that free speech in the true sense of the word has practically become null and void so far as the radical element of the population is concerned. Here would seem to be a turn in the tide. We wish that this enlightened decision of Judge Wanamaker might be affirmed by the Supreme Court, that all criminal syndicalist laws throughout the nation might be wiped out forthwith.

Governor Roosevelt's action in refusing to oust Mayor Walker from office, or even to try the charges urged against the New York Mayor by the City Affairs Committee, has bound Tammany Hall fast to his support in the presidential race, but has won him no friends in the country at large. On the contrary, the open inconsistency of his course in accepting the weak and wholly general charges against District-Attorney Crain, and then denying the specific and detailed charges against Mayor Walker, has exposed him to the sharp attack of playing for public favor in small matters and sticking fast by the machine in larger matters. This fact is made the more serious by reason of the existence of the Seabury Investigating Committee which is prepared now to go to the bottom of the Mayor's administration and reveal the whole truth to the scrutiny not only of New York but of the nation. In the light of this situation, the action of the Governor, as the City Affairs Committee itself expressly said, was "unimportant." What we now have before us is an investigation of New York affairs which will rival anything known since the famous, and infamous, Lexow inquiry. The metropolis is by no means so crude, certainly not so vulgar, as in the noisome days of Tweed and Croker, even of Murphy. But the essential indecency and dishonor are just as bad, and the exploitation of the people just as terrible. Judge Seabury opens his investigation before this editorial can appear in print. He is beginning at the top, in the office of the Mayor and his Commissioner of Accounts, and will soon have some things to report. Tweed went to prison; Croker went into exile. What will happen to the present gang?

Now that Gilbert K. Chesterton has told us what he thinks of America, he is in for the same drubbing that recently fell upon the unhappy back of J. B. Priestley. But whereas Priestley spoke some foolish words, Chesterton, it seems to us, spoke words of discerning and wholesome truth. Is it possible, for example, to deny the accuracy of his description of the average American small town as seen against the background of the infinite loveliness of rural England?

> The first thing you see, (he said) are yellow tin advertisements, then tin buildings, then wooden buildings all plastered with advertisements, then frameworks of lead and glass and tin called shops—and then, thank God, you are out of the town.
>
> It is an astonishing thing that the white race and European and Christian civilization, spread over a whole gigantic continent, have never produced anything like a village fit to look at.

This small town picture we have seen a thousand times, and always with a feeling of hopeless melancholy. And the other extreme is as bad, though in a wholly different way. New York City, for example! "It is as startling and horrifying to America," said Mr. Chesterton, "as to everybody else." We remember that there are those who think New York beautiful. But these

are persons who allow the sense of being overwhelmed to be confused with the sense of being touched by what is lovely and ineffable. New York is all hardness and sheer brute power. Its subways are the subterranean channels of hell. Its streets are either canyons or vast stretches of dreariness and dirt. Its sky-scrapers, the city's chiefest pride, are mere monstrosities of Brobdignagian pretension. Even its handsomest avenues are huddled confusions of display. New York reflects nothing that belongs to the best in human nature. On the contrary, it shows all man's basest qualities reaching up and out to seize the world and subdue it to its own selfish purposes. If we want beauty in cities, we will turn not to New York, nor yet to Chicago, but to Edinburgh, Paris, Vienna, Florence, Jerusalem. Neither in country nor in city has America yet found itself. We have yet to know and express the meaning of true culture.

The speed with which science seems to be moving back to the old conceptions of religion is enough to catch the breath of the liberal, shake the teeth of the radical, and leave the materialist and the atheist in a state of coma. Einstein definitely puts out of the labratory the familiar anthropomorphic conception of God, but leaves sure place in the cosmos for a life or spirit with which (or whom?) the mind of man may have converse. Eddington goes further and finds such evidence of the soul as must lead to the hypothesis of a universal soul or God. Sir James Jeans advances still another step, as was pointed in a recent article in these columns, in suggesting that the world looks not like a machine but like a thought, and in speaking of the "Great Architect," or thinker, who conceived this thought which is the world. And now comes our own great American, Professor Michelson, Nobel Prize winner, companion of Einstein, retiring president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and tells us that the energy of the universe is ever renewing itself, that the cosmos is constantly running up and never down, that this means that there must exist some self-contained and self-perpetuating source of life, that this involves the concept of creation, and this in turn the inescapable theological idea of a Creator. Of course this is nothing really new in terms of modern thought. Henri Bergson, finding that Spencer had no way of getting his evolutionary process going, introduced the creation idea with the philosophical speculations of our time—see his once-famous book, "Creative Evolution"! But now for the first time is experimental science finding its mechanistic theories baseless, and turning not merely to idealistic philosophy but to religion itself, to help it explain reality. That this means a reaffirmation of the creeds of Christendom is of course ridiculous. Orthodoxy was never quite so dead as it is today. But so is materialism dead. And as for atheism, it is offensive with decay. What is coming is a new, and deeper, and higher humanism to reconcile science and religion in a new synthesis of the soul and the eternal Over-Soul.

Which Handle?

"Everything has two handles; one by which it may be borne, another by which it may not."—Epictetus.

The old Stoic may have overstated his case—perhaps some things lack the "two handles," but certainly many things are much easier to handle if we change our grip a little. Perhaps "Unemployment" is one of them. For the implication of all the furore about it is that we need and what everyone needs is *work*—steady *work*—the more *work* the better, so that we are to tax ourselves and strain ourselves to provide *work, work* and ever more *work*. Now I propose that this is the wrong handle by which the burden may not be borne. It is not true that we want work; one great aim of our civilization is to reduce it to a minimum. If work were what we want we would do everything in the least efficient, instead of the most efficient way, and invent a maximum of unnecessary things to do, both of which processes would be mere foolishness. It is true that many are proposing to meet the present crisis by means of just these stupidities, and some are actually trying to use them. Those who resent the use of improved machinery, or of reasonable "stretch out" systems by which one person can easily do the work of several are aiming to "make work" by doing things awkwardly or inefficiently. "Full crew" laws, if they demand more men on a job than are needed, seek the same result. Those who urge us all to spend for luxuries or extravagances, or even for any excess over our needs are on the same track and have the same confused idea that work is a good thing, and that we should have more of it. It is the wrong handle by which it cannot be borne, for what we want is not work, but things: food, clothing, shelter, books, beauty, truth, radios, automobiles, ideals, music, theaters, movies. Work is a nuisance, and we want no more of it than is absolutely necessary to get for us the things which give life its values: friends, travel, adventure, danger, risk, emotion, play; these we want with a minimum of work and a maximum of freedom. If you doubt this just watch yourself or anyone else who finds an easier way to accomplish his ends, and see if he prefers the harder way; and note that if he does so by any chance, you regard him as a fool for his extra pains.

Just here it occurred to me to look up the definition of *work* in my handy dictionary, and I find it

to be "continued exertion or activity directed to some purpose or end." It is rather interesting that this might equally well be used as a definition of *play;* the essential unnoted difference lies just here—that one works because he must and plays because he chooses; in the one case he is bound, in the other he is free, and we want a minimum of bondage and a maximum of freedom. Self-chosen activity for self-chosen ends is what we all long for and what we all ought to have, for so only can we have the tang and zest of abundant life. We should have not less "unemployment" but more of it under its more comfortable name of "leisure." Of course we cannot have it until our standard of necessary living is met: food, shelter, clothing, and various and varied odds and ends we must have before leisure—which is comfortable unemployment!—is possible.

From all of which it appears that what people are suffering for is not work at all, but food, clothing, shelter, and odds and ends—and then after that, freedom—leisure. Instead we have given them leisure without food, clothing, shelter or odds and ends, and a very curious thing about the situation is that these necessities are just the things we have in plenty. We have too much wheat, too much cotton and textiles, too many shoes, too much coal and oil, too many automobiles, too many radios, and of course we cannot put people to work lest we have more of them. Because we are under obsession that work is what we want, we try our best to make these things which we really want, as hard to get as possible in order to have the much needed extra work to get them. We maintain a protective tariff that we may have the privilege of working harder and paying more to get them. We appropriate millions raised by taxation, to buy wheat off the market so it will be harder to get and cost more; and then when we have bought it we take up a ten million dollar collection to buy it from ourselves to feed the starving, who are dying for lack of—*work*. Now we are going to store two hundred million bushels of it, that we may make *work* in raising some more. All because we have the wrong handle—we really want wheat, not work; and if we have wheat we should ease up on work and play a while. We are trying hard to think of things we can want on short notice—public buildings, roads, irrigation projects, presumably to get more land ready to produce more wheat. We have built immense dams to enable us to use water power but electrical energy is very efficient and if it is put to our industrial uses it will make less work! Having paid millions for great power plants, we are not allowed to use them for fear of "competing with private industry" and so with free competition; private industry is more efficient, and so—horrors—means less work! Do we want more or less?

The farmers of Missouri and elsewhere have had plenty of work, and by means of it produced wheat for all of us and a lot over—and now they cannot have wheat to make bread for themselves and their families. Our two hundred million bushels are stored at heavy cost, but we will not distribute it among the starving farmers who raised it for fear of destroying their initiative—which means their taste for work, I suppose. We might let them have some grain for their pigs, but they and their families must be fed by charity, for fear they will be pauperized. Confusing, isn't it? All because of the wrong handle; no one really has a taste for work, and we all know it, except when we are thinking of other people, and usually of people in masses. If the necessary things for which we work can be had easily, why shouldn't we live easily? as many of us do already.

How about the other handle? What we really want is to be secure in the necessities of life for which we are willing to work as much as we must and no more. For the rest we want freedom to *play:* to freely direct our energies toward freely chosen ends. After supplying a decent living, we want leisure—unemployment. Here some leisurely person cries out in deep indignation, "But people don't know how to use leisure! They will take to drink, to debauchery, to idleness." These things are largely matters of education and practice. People who have had enough of it generally know how to use leisure—especially if they have to earn it by doing their share of the necessary drudgeries. If not it is not the business of society to interfere with anyone's freedom further than to insure the like freedom of others. People of leisure and people without it take to drink and to idleness now—and what of it? Few of those who fear to allow leisure to other people, lack the courage to take what they can get of it for themselves. Of the many who have it in reasonable quantities, few abuse it. Everyone needs a lot of idle time—for meditation, for games, for conversation, for mere vegetation. Some will be stupid enough to abuse it of course, and that is their bad luck; but they are much less likely to abuse it if they have plenty of it and do not have to take the little they get in times of semi-exhaustion, after excessive labor. Those who work for a fixed wage that barely allows a decent living naturally—and properly—work as little as possible for what they get, just as all the rest of us do, who work by the will of another; in the relatively few cases where the work itself is interesting it is partly play, and one may easily do too much rather than too little. Men tend to get better under conditions of freedom. Contrast the enthusiasm and courage developed in the life of the pioneers, who belonged to themselves, and the dullness and lack of any initiative in the slave of the machine in modern industry! No wonder they welcome the strike to break the monotony. The eight hour day makes better men and women than the twelve hour day or the ten hour day, and the six hour day with the five day week will make them better still. Some of the most charming—and most active—people I know

have entire freedom with an assured livelihood, and they neither become dull nor go to the bad. Of course it is not fair play—or fair work either, for them to escape all the drudgeries, since someone has to work harder to make up for their freedom; but it doesn't involve deterioration. As we make machinery and the powers of nature do more and more of our drudgeries, and as we dispense with all the unnecessary labors, involved in the idea that work is a good thing, we can make each person's share of necessary work relatively small. and leave a great deal of time for freedom.

Let us consider a few samples of our mishandling of things because we use wrong handles. There could be none better than the coal industry. Nature has stored away sun-energy in this form here and there by the millions of tons, but possibly with the human obsession about the value of work—has very commonly put it in inconvenient places for our uses, and has left great areas where we need it, without any. With the intention which lets us know what a nuisance work is, we have done our best to get coal out of the mines and into our cellars, with the least possible effort. We have replaced man-carried baskets with horses and wagons, substituted steam-power for horse-power, and electricity for steam. Finally we are beginning to send clean power along wires instead of storing and burning dirty coal in our cellars. All this is intelligent; but now we find to our horror that our efficiency is producing more and more coal with less and less work! and in consequence there isn't enough work—but only enough coal! Our horse-sense prevents us from returning to crude methods of mining and transporting —but we haven't enough human sense to prevent us from starving the extra men thrown out of work, together with their families. It is shocking to have them starve of course—but what can we do? There is plenty of coal and not enough work; what can we do with them but starve them? And the horror of it increases when we find that we have too much wheat and so must starve the farmers, too much cotton and must starve the textile workers (although we use child labor to throw another million or so out of work), too many shoes so that we must starve the shoe-makers! And horror piled on horror we have too many autos and must starve the auto makers, too many radios and must starve the radio makers! If this goes on we will have too much of everything and all of us will have to starve. Meantime we take up a collection and half feed a few of the worst cases, and timidly go our ways hoping there isn't yet enough of the thing we have to sell. It would discourage the enterprise of those who absorb all this surplus wealth if we taxed them to pay for decent lives for those who produce it. So we cut down their taxes that they may invest billions abroad where labor is cheaper even than here to compete with our labor, and then we make a tariff to keep the things out which they produce so cheaply with our capital! "What fools these mortals be!"

Plenty of the necessities, and no work! That was what was the matter with the Garden of Eden. Possibly heaven suffers that way. By this handle it may not be borne.

How the difficulties vanish when we use the other handle. Having plenty of wheat and shoes and radios let us distribute them where they are needed, and then budget the supply for next year so as to produce what we need and no more—except a reasonable surplus for emergencies. This distributing—alas! will call for some extra work, but not as much as producing wheat to be burned, cotton to be stored, coal to be wasted. As we think of more things to want let us make them first as play, and then if we really do want them put them into our budget and systematize them as work. Of course the necessary drudgery should be shared as well as the desired leisure, and part of our play will be the planning of ways to reduce drudgery to its lowest terms. Some should be released altogether from work—the children, the mothers, the old, the sick, the feeble; one would think that any respectable civilization would have found that out long ago. It need hardly be said that criminals who must be shut up and watched should have to do extra shares to pay for the care given them. Perhaps people who are too stupid to play might be allowed as a special favor to do extra work also, and leave more time for the rest of us who know what to do with it. But in that case it would be really play for the stupid because it would be free choice.

And then how about a people at play! a people free from anxiety, not needing to take thought for the morrow! a people free to create beauty, grace, skill, power. In place of dull games played by tired people our play will be the development of artistry of every kind—great original arts of conversation, literature, music, invention; lesser imitative arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, design; pretty little habit arts of tennis, boxing, fencing, cards, and the like. When we get rid of this evil obsession about work (for other people), and reduce it to its lowest terms—we will have time and energy to be friends and enemies, lovers and haters, cooperators and competitors. A Utopia? Of course; any improvement is a Utopia until we get to work at it. We have a fool civilization, but individually we are not fools. With a surplus of the necessities a third of our population is suffering for them, and they the third that produced a large part of it. A vast majority of the rest of us are permanently uneasy. We are employed indeed, but our employment is at the caprice of an unknown and unknowable inhuman corporation, run not for human welfare but for profit. Only about two percent of us have enough income to bring us into the income-tax paying class; which means ninety-eight percent below that figure. And then we have about five hundred each of whom has undisputed possession of

the normal income of from one to five thousand of their fellow men. Cannot we do better than that?

We will never have a decent civilization until we take it by the right handle: and that involves the recognition that only people and their welfare are real values.

JESSE H. HOLMES.

Jottings

Professor Alfred North Whitehead cites the amicable conference of Gandhi and Lord Irwin as "the greatest moral victory won by religious persuasion since the golden age which ended in the 5th century A. D." —Authoritative testimony on a great event!

The Empire State Building in New York, the tallest building in the world, was recently opened and dedicated. When the Parthenon in Athens was dedicated, it was known neither as the tallest nor largest, nor yet the most expensive, of buildings. The Greeks, a curious people, had their minds on other things.

What is there about Constitutional *amendments* that makes them so hard to enforce. The First, the Fourteenth, the Fifteenth, the Eighteenth, all are honored in the breach as well as in the observance. And is the remedy repeal? Shall we withdraw *all* of these amendments, the First as well as the Eighteenth, because so many persons insist upon nullifying them? Think it over!

Sir Hubert Wilkins does well to write and publish his book about his journey under the ice to the north pole, *before* instead of *after* his adventure. This gives us assurance of actually getting the book!

It is a ghastly thing to read of the beheading of twelve hundred Communists in China for revolutionary activities against the republic. But one must admit that, in this game of force, the Communists themselves are the last ones who have the right to complain. "As ye mete . . ."!

Motilal Nehru, Gandhi's friend and associate, who died some weeks ago, was so devoted to India's cause, that he gave all his resources to the Congress, including his beautiful home which was used as headquarters. When his will was read, his twenty-one relatives decided not to accept any money, but took checks for $150,000 each, endorsed them and handed them over to the Nationalist fund.

J. H. H.

America—Which Way?

A few weeks since, UNITY published an article of mine on Graham Taylor. It reveals UNITY's radius when Rev. A. W. Vallance, editor of the *Unitarian and Christian Monthly*, England, wrote UNITY's editor-in-chief, referring to my article and asking several pertinent questions. Dr. Holmes sent this on to me, with intimation that I might be willing to take up the story. To do this, it will be necessary to repeat a few remarks in my article. I said, March 23,

I have been impressed by noting that Graham Taylor speaks often of Toynbee Hall. Jane Addams does the same. The institutions of East London apparently supplied inspiration and methods for our American development. . . Practically all hark back to East London. It is such a striking description of my own course that I have been startled by the likeness. When a young man, having crossed the Atlantic, while nosing among bookstalls, I got filled with Fabianism. Nothing but residence in an East London settlement and likewise East Side, New York, would satisfy me. I accepted—and others seem to have done the same—the statement that American development would go along the same lines that English development had gone, only America would be a score of years later in arriving at a certain point.

I have come to a place where I am seriously challenging this theory. I am inclined to believe that when I accepted the influence of Fabianism and Toynbee Hall, I was wrong, and that the best course for America is not along English lines. But it is right about face! My reasons:

Behold the fruits of Fabianism, Toynbee Hallism as seen in British life for the past fifty years. The only fruits discernible are Shawism in literature, bankruptcy in religion and industry—of which the dole is the symbol—and as for humanity we only have to look to China, India, the continent of Africa and the islands of the Sea, and the one conspicuous power holding the weaker peoples of earth down is Britain. . . After all it may be seriously questioned if America got much from Fabianism and Toynbee Hall and whether we would better not steer in some direction rather than that toward which Britain is either drifting or steering.

If there is one thing commendable in the course of American life, from the beginning when we broke from Britain, it is following the idea that American institutions are different from European, that we have broken from the authority of kings, of priests; that the principles for us to follow and work at are equality, authority of conscience, popular sovereignty. I earnestly suggest that it is time that America should not receive orders from Rome, from Moscow, from Jerusalem, from London, but start in to work more assiduously on the principles that will make America the New World our prophet fathers saw, and rejoiced at the sight.

On reading this article (given in part only) Mr. Vallance wrote his letter, a good part of which I am quoting—enough I trust to present his queries and suggestions.

Editor of UNITY:

May I thank you for publishing the impression of Graham Taylor, written by Sydney Strong? And, may I also express the hope that Mr. Strong will follow it up with a further article, sketching the lines of the alternative of "Toynbee-Hallism," etc. He described the policy as "right about face"—but what shall we be called upon to do—what is the first point to make for?

I want this leading, because I myself have been brought up with the idea that Toynbee Hall and the Settlement policy is about the best thing we can do to Christianize (*not* Churchianize) our country.

I have the feeling that perhaps what we need to do is not to *substitute*, but to add. I doubt whether the Toynbee-Shaw-Taylor method is fundamentally *wrong*—or only by itself

inadequate. It applies effectively only to certain types of citizen, it may through its charitable motive even weaken the character of some. But, undoubtedly it has achieved great things with some men, with whom any other way might have dismally failed. I feel we need an alternative to work alongside.

If we can work the social method of Toynbee Hall for all it is worth where it can be effective . . . if we can also find an additional method of harnessing the man-power and the mind-power (and soul force) of other classes and individuals to the chariot-wheels of social progress, thus to produce the national and international unity in which the word class shall be (socially) meaningless—then we may escape the production of autocrats and parasites which at present sap the life of society.

Let me now try to make clear what was in my mind, although I may not be able to answer all in Mr. Vallance's courteous letter. For several years I have been gathering a collection of a thousand or more extracts from the writings of Americans since the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620—laws, songs, words of wisdom, prophecies, annals—which would compose a kind of history of the soul-life of America, a kind of Bible. As I have gathered, a growing impression which now amounts to a conviction has come into being, namely, that for at least 150 years the fathers were convinced that the new society they were creating in America was radically different from the society in the Old World—meaning England and Europe. They were on guard lest they fall into snares by which they might lose their freedom. There were three principles—at least three—which they made the roots from which decade after decade their institutions sprung. I mean their churches, schools, homes, federal and municipal governments. These principles were: *Equality, sovereignty of the people* and the *authority of conscience.*

These have been the ruling ideas in American life for 300 years. There is hardly an American institution that can be mentioned—an institution that has sprung from the soil and not been imported—that does not come from one of these roots. And, America has differed from the nations of the Old World, not in possessing a monopoly of these ideas, but in majoring, in specializing in them. Like Israel, America has often forgotten her principles, has acted the hypocrite and gone off after strange gods, and, as last century, prostituted herself to slavery—but has returned again and again and saved her soul, in suffering and repentance. The soul of America repudiates kings, aristocrats, bishops. All her indigenous institutions are democratic. To be sure, American life has been diluted from the inflow of tens of thousands from other lands bringing with them alien notions about kings and bishops and archbishops. These have brought with them loyalties that are foreign to the principles regnant in the soul of America.

It was reflection over America's past and heritage, of the principles that had marked her off as a New Society, that led me to say that we must right about face and return—as a Christian would return to the power and principles of the first century—to the principles of equality, of the sovereignty of the people, of the authority of conscience—and *work* these principles. Here is America's way of progress! It was not so much a criticism of Toynbee Hallism or of Fabianism, as of affirming that for America there was something better; that, our social and religious leaders during the last fifty years (and now) could have done something better than to make shrines in East London, or in Moscow, or in Rome, or in Jerusalem—and that to believe that the social evolution in America is to be along the same lines as England's, only twenty years behind, is a sure way to hinder progress and throw us into a hopeless inferiority, that would be fatal. England's development should be in answer to her own genius. One must confess that the fruits so far have hardly been worth imitating. America's development should be in answer to her own genius. I have pointed out what I believe to be the genius, the soul principles of America—Equality, the Sovereignty of the People, Supreme Authority of Conscience. How recreant she has been, is too evident! All around us are institutions that proclaim what the fathers repudiated—kings, priests, aristocracies—institutions that do not breathe the spirit of democracy—institutions whose loyalties are rooted in foreign soil. This is not spoken from narrow nationalism (I abhor the so-called "100 per cent American") but in the interests of the principles of equality, authority of conscience, and popular sovereignty, which overleap nationalism. Our development should be not in antagonism nor in addition to Fabianism, but different and along our own lines—and this applies to all our institutions, colleges, schools, churches, government, industry, customs, literature—the whole web and woof of American life. We should not worry about foreign criticism of our education, because we remember that our schools spring from democratic soil. Our critics are not in position to understand. British criticism of Prohibition, for example, should not give us concern, for public conscience and popular sovereignty determine American legislation. My conviction that we should return to democratic principles comes from no antagonism to Fabianism, in England, but belief that the best future of America lies in magnifying the principles that run like strands throughout our whole life from the beginning. Along those lines, and those lines only, shall we be able to build the New World, whose foundations the fathers laid.

If it be asked: America—which way?—my reply would be: In the direction of pure democracy, the kind the fathers clearly discerned, although not realized. Not toward Fabianism, not East London formulas, nor Oxford curricula and sports. Not toward Communism, nor Moscow methods and economics. Not toward Rome and Anglicism which display ecclesiasticism and hierarchies, things which democracy repudiates. Not toward Jerusalem, but America our "Holy Land" and "Holy City." Of course, it is clear to me, that on every street corner are institutions that can lay no claim to being democratic. All the more reason then for a passionate return to democratic principles—applying to daily life the rule of equality, supremacy of conscience, popular sovereignty.

In reply to Mr. Vallance's query: "What is the first point to make for?" I would say two things, keeping always in mind that what I say is intended for America, not for England.

1. Americans should withdraw from studying Old World models—save to learn what not to do. Quit making long journeys, and with open mouths, gapping at the suggestions that fall from Old World stylists, carrying away in note-books ideas to apply when arrived home! America has priceless principles of life, while Europe is still being built up along more archaic lines, and America should look for her institutions to spring from democracy. America testifies that when a Quaker begins to hanker after gowns and candles, or a Unitarian begins to "love the service"—Catholic or

Anglican—he is not making progress along democratic lines. When Bertrand Russell begins to talk to Americans about education, with criticism of American education, he should be treated with the understanding that he is unacquainted with the principles of education, from which all our institutions spring. He and others like him—the whole faculty of European lecturers, who come to our shores, are living in an aristocratic, an archaic society. I freely admit—with shame—that tens of thousands of Americans would rather be presented at the court of St. James to King George—far more concerned over their raiment—than to be assured of passing St. Peter's pearly gates and being presented at the Court of Heaven. I admit that half the American ambassadors to London lose their democratic souls, after six months' residence amidst banquets, lords, ladies, degrees and all the soft touch of velvet from Westminster to Edinboro Castle.

I would ask Americans to repudiate undemocratic ideas, and all their works, because America possesses what is better. The American social order is not to come as an evolution from Europe but to grow out of democratic ideas early planted in her soil, to which she has given special attention.

2. With redoubled energy begin at once the application of the principles of democracy: equality, supreme sovereignty of conscience and the people. A revival of democratic ideas would not be a backward, but a long forward step. Several prominent ecclesiastical and political institutions should be scrapped, as contrary to the highest genius of American life. In 1776, *The Boston Advertiser* carried at its head, "America should have but One Denomination—The People!" The millions of Americans are being democratized—though slowly. That is our way! Everything in our laws, usages, education, religions, etc., should be challenged, as to its democracy. Jews, Anglicans, Catholics—all citizens should look sharply at their loyalties—in Jerusalem, in Rome, in Canterbury, in Moscow—and see if they square with the principles of democracy—equality, authority of conscience, divine sovereignty of the people. America's best contribution to the world is not by imitation, not through finance, industry and trade, but to build up a social structure whose corner is the *people*, a structure we call democracy. It would be impossible to work out a plan. Democracy works like the spirit—one cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth—but by its fruit it may be judged. And, the fruit of the spirit of democracy is a social order in which are manifested equality, conscience-led souls and a sovereign people, on whose shoulders rests the government. If America does not major in these principles, then is she undone and her soul lost!

SYDNEY STRONG.

A Free American Looks at India

VII.—Princes and the Native States

I find myself under some constraint in speaking about the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Maharajah of Mysore. How far is a discussion of individuals germain to a discussion of the system which they represent? The states which these princes rule (or rather which they do not rule) struck me in a certain superficial way as the best "set up" of all the native states I have seen, so far as the regions immediately adjacent to the palaces of the princes are concerned. Hyderabad is said to be "progressive." But the progress does not reach down very deep. There is the same poverty, misery, illiteracy, beggary that exists everywhere else. This is partly obscured by a certain whitewash of progress—hard roads, a few sewers and costly parks. A great deal of money has been well spent in the construction of vast tanks for irrigation purposes. There is a certain ripple of the Gandhi movement to be seen, whereas in Jaipur, Udaipur and Gwalior anything of that kind was totally suppressed. In those Rajput states the spectacle was that chiefly of princely ostentation, tending in spots to be vulgar, and resting on a subsoil of undrained squalor and subservience to the British raj.

Mysore seems to have a clean style owing possibly to the fact that it seems to have a clean prince. Money has been spent on a princely scale, but with good taste. The gardens and roads are marvelous. Of the prince of Mysore, in his motor-car, I obtained passing glimpses. I ventured to bow to him once, according to the custom of the country, and received a bow and a smile in return. Smiles exert a very subtle influence. The individual and the system are different and they should not be mixed up. Many a good man has been spoiled by a bad system. Everywhere yawns the chasm between the splendid wealth of the prince and the biting poverty of the peasant. A prince can mitigate this disagreeable contrast by a pleasant smile and also by a good life. The thing I liked about the prince of Mysore was his smile. I was not looking for it. We may recall that Buddha was once a prince. He decided that it was more important to lead a good life than to be a prince. Buddha went off into the woods and never tried to change the system. That is just the difference between the teaching of Buddha and the teaching of a certain other great man who five hundred years later succeeded in upsetting the entire machinery of the Roman empire, in order to lay a foundation for the modern system of democracy. India has lived in a state of seclusion and passivity, teaching submission to despotism, and by a system of reincarnations trying to reach some kind of final perfection and emancipation in a shadowy place called Nirvana. Century after century of this living in a dream-world left the docile children of Hindustan an easy prey for any military blackguard that came along. Shri Krishna set up a caste called the Chatreeya caste and appointed that all princes of Hindustan should be taken from this caste. The Hindus therefore looked to Brahma, Shiva, Vishnu, or whatever their gods may be, to send them "good princes" from the Chatreeya caste. But the fiction of the "good prince," potent for many centuries, is today more or less played out. In calculating how they are going to perpetuate their rule, most of the Hindu princes are not counting on this sweetening factor of the "good life."

Neither does the hope for the reappearance of the "good life" become any brighter when we turn to a study of the Mohammedan princes. The Koran has fixed the number of wives a Mohammedan may have at four. Concubines are barred out. When we stop to

meditate on this number "four," and ask questions about it, it may strike us as somewhat dogmatic. But it is a waste of time to dogmatize about a dogma, and the number four having been fixed, it establishes a limit which, from the standpoint of any normal westerner, would seem to be sufficiently generous. Why try to upset the laws of the Koran? And yet there are Mohammedan princes in India who have found it extremely difficult to keep within the limits of orthodoxy. I have in mind one who has set his limit at four multiplied by ten, with abolition also, as I am told, of all the customary nuptial sacraments.

The prince of Mysore is a Hindu. He has never crossed the seas—the Black Waters—and never proposes to cross them—sign of an orthodox, old-fashioned prince. In a simply furnished bed-room in a modest place called a palace on top of a mountain, to which he is fond of retreating for religious purposes, I noticed certain interesting objects, a photograph of the founder of the theosophical movement and a photograph of the founder of the Bahai movement—good signs. He is said to be passionately interested in music, and there I saw his violin—another good sign. With his violin he can bring Europe to Mysore. In a more elaborate palace I saw two fine specimens of the Gandhi spinning wheel which, under the present strained circumstances, can be put down as another good sign. Strange how a man who has any personality at all can make it felt by little signs stuck up here and there in the places he frequents. This man is said to have abjured the pleasures of the world. So in India, as everywhere else, there are all sorts and conditions of men. We are born and we die, and whether we are prince or peasant, the thing that we are, and all that we can take with us, is our character and our deeds. That may sound like Indian philosophy, but I have nothing whatever to say against Indian philosophy. Men like Vivekananda have straightened out western philosophers on a good many difficult points.

The only decent thing the Round Table Conference did was to die. It went to join Dyarchy. Until last year in India the political fight was only for home-rule, otherwise called Dominion Status. But Dominion Status came into the world in a still-born condition. Long before the demise of the Round Table, the fight for independence had set in, and today the whole situation is changed. Reading the writing on the wall, the British are trying, as a last resort, to entrench themselves in the native states so that, when driven out from British India, they may, in the hour of trial, make their forts and cantonments already established in the native states, a basis of operations from which to attempt a reconquest of the lost territory. The same strategy was pursued at the time of the sepoy trouble in 1857, and also recently in Ireland, in the case of Ulster. Native states in India are camouflaged Ulsters. These things are all quietly planned out in Westminster, for they mean life or death to the empire. Therefore, the plan is to keep the people in the native states in a torpid condition, and up to the present the Congress movement has made little or no effort to break up this torpor. It is a game of the fox against the lamb. In the native states there are no British police-sergeants with lathis, and waging the war in these territories would seem to be pursuing the line of least resistance.

Why is there no movement in the native states as advanced as in British India? First, because there are in the native states no English walking about to step on the toes of the native population. Secondly, most of these states are in backward areas, commercially and industrially. The British first occupied the most fertile and commercially speaking the most lucrative parts of India. They did not penetrate into regions incapable of using or paying for British goods. Thirdly, the puppet native princes delude their illiterate masses into the belief that they are enjoying home-rule and that therefore there is nothing to fight for. In Bangalore, a British sanctuary, I asked an Indian college professor whom I met in a students' union why it was there was no agitation in Bangalore. His job of course was under the British thumb. He was immensely smooth and suave, with an immaculate silver-threaded turban and oily manners. "You see," he answered with a blown-up air, "there is really no need for any agitation here. We are enjoying complete home-rule."

Native-state rule is a mere smoke-screen to protect British rule. The British agents dictate to the princes at every point. If the nationalists aim their first blow against a native ruler they will only alienate the sympathies of the co-religionists of the ruler. It would be merely a fight against a puppet. Civil-disobedience merely against a puppet is of no use. If the blow is aimed at British commerce it goes over the head of the ruler and strikes at the real enemy, and so in these southern states some as yet feeble attempt is being made to boycott British merchandise. Meanwhile the British work in these places by fomenting communal feeling. This word communal has nothing to do with "communism." It relates to the friction between the two religious "communities" of Hindus and Moslems. The British as soon as they take control of a native state divide up the jobs on a "communal" basis, as dividing up public offices in America would be between Catholics and Protestants. They suppress the nationalist papers, while they subsidize the communal papers. Thus they feed the communal issue, balancing one side against the other. Naturally the one thing for the Indians to do is to get rid of the communal issue. But how? How is a man going to stop being a Hindu or stop being a Mohammedan? That is where the rub comes. The Indians have not yet got to the point where they see the necessity of choosing between their old decayed religions and a new patriotism.

The rule in the native states is despotic. In British India there is at least some semblance of law to protect ordinary reformers. The moment any mild agitation of an anti-British nature is undertaken in a native state, the British resident forces the native ruler to take action. The machinery of despotism is ready to his hand to nip the agitation. England has had henchmen among the Indians everywhere ready to her use. By these arts she has been able, with only a handful of her own race in India, to hold down three hundred and twenty million people. But the quality of Englishmen in India has deteriorated. In the old day England sent out some of her best material to India, men who really tried to understand India, but today the machine is being run by second or third rate people, something on the Tommy type. It is a system that has fallen into decadence. That it has any real resisting strength is very doubtful. Every Indian today in the employ of

the British Government hates his job. He is secretly sympathizing with the nationalists.

In Hyderabad there are three sets of people, Hindu communalists, Moslem communalists and nationalists. To the last of these parties the communalist issue is of no importance. Ninety-five per cent of the people are illiterate and the per capita daily income is five cents. The Nizam's budget is not included in this calculation. The Nizam receives from his five-cents-per-day subjects, exclusive of the public revenue, an annual personal income of $4,000,000 to help him get through the life-struggle. Year after year it is packed away in the bowels of silver elephants kept in mysterious subterranean cellars.

What is holding these people down? Is it the British, is it the princes, or is it their own ignorance and superstition? In Russia we have seen what the people did with the superstitions which the Russian monarchy, through the hands of the supine priests, had been handing out to the people under the label of religion. England can say in India, as Louis Fourteenth said in France: "After me, the deluge."

Six million people live in the state of Mysore. They pay an annual revenue of $13,000,000. Personal budget of the prince is $900,000. In entertaining the following personages he spent the following sums: Prince of Wales, $900,000; the Nizam, $185,000; the viceroy, $111,000.

The guest-palace is for viceroy and British commander-in-chief when they come to Mysore, which is rarely. Otherwise it is never used. Cost of guest-palace $2,000,000, a Valhalla of polished marble, good enough for any French king before the Reign of Terror finished off the French Bourbons.

The maharajah has 120 carriages, 140 carriage horses, 20 race horses, 80 motors, 20 baggage trucks, with 100 chauffeurs, all for palace service.

The relatives of the maharajah are pensioned by the state—fifty near relatives and fifty distant relatives. Each gets from the state $9,000 a year and a house to live in.

Such are a few of the items paid for by six million peasants, who get a per-capita income of four to five cents a day.

Govinda, my excellent driver, was himself growing slightly sick of the system. I have to thank Providence for finding Govinda—he belongs to the Tamil people. All Brahmins live in one quarter together—the three-stick people. Nobody but a Brahmin can go into the Brahminical theatre. From Brahmin Street through Mohammedan Street and Tamil Street. Then we went outside to see the "worst caste," the Pariahs. Underneath them are "worse" people still, sweepers, untouchables. Should a Brahmin come near the shadow of an untouchable, he shouts out to the latter to keep away. If Brahmin gets caught in shadow of untouchable, he must immediately take a bath. Untouchable has to be very careful how he moves about with his shadow.

"But some of these Brahmins," said Govinda, "are bloody blackguards. They are drinking King George brandy and White Horse whiskey against the rules of their caste." Sign of the breakdown of the system!

EDWARD HOLTON JAMES.

Thoughts of Tolstoy

[*Selections from Tolstoy's "Reading for Every Day," here published for the first time in English*]

XC

1.

A man was going to hire himself out as a workman, and two stewards met him on the way. He told them that he was looking for work, and each of them urged him to come and work for his master. One said to him:

Come to work for my master. It is a good place. To be sure, if you don't give satisfaction he will put you in prison and whip you, but if you do, there couldn't be a better life. When you have finished your work, you will stay on and do nothing, and every day there will be treats and singers and wine and sweets and trips. If you do but give satisfaction, there will be such a life as you could only desire.

Thus one of the stewards urged him.

The other steward also urged him to come and work for his master, but he said nothing of how his master would reward the workman; he could not even say how and where the workers would live, or whether the work were hard or easy, but merely said that the master was kind, that he punished no one and that he himself lived with the workers.

And about the first master, the man thought:

He promises a good deal. If it were a straight business, there would be no reason to promise so much. If you are tempted by the prospect of a luxurious life—watch out, or it may be worse for you. But this master must be ill-tempered, for he punishes those who don't do as he pleases. I had better go to the second. Although he promises nothing, yet they say he is kind and he lives together with his workmen.

And the same with doctrines of faith. False teachers draw men to the good life by frightening them with threats of punishment and luring them with rewards in the other world where no one has been. But true teachers only teach that the essence of life—love—dwells in the souls of men, and that it is well for him who unites with it.

2.

If you serve God for the sake of eternal bliss, you are serving yourself—not God.

3.

In all religious teachings the men who have taken it upon themselves to be interpreters and teachers of faith have always made use of three means to subordinate people to their teaching. They assert, in the first place, that there is a particular class of people that alone can mediate between men and God or the gods; secondly, that miracles have occurred and are occurring, to prove and confirm the truth of what these mediators say; and, thirdly, that there are certain words transmitted orally or written down in books that express the immutable will of God or of the gods, and hence are sacred and infallible. And as soon as people accept these three propositions, all that is said by the mediators between God and men is accepted as the sacred truth; the most sublime truths are perverted and the most incredible absurdities are accepted as truth. So it has been with all faiths, not excepting Christianity.

4.

Every man feels equally the insignificance of all that is conceivable, and the sublimity of something inconceivable—and most vital—that indubitably exists and cannot but exist. Our relation to that which is in-

conceivable but which indubitably exists is religion.

5.

True religion is not the religion of reason, but true religion cannot be contrary to reason.

6.

Men's general way of life depends on their understanding of the law of God. With passage of time the law of God becomes ever simpler and clearer, ever more comprehensible and more harmonious with true knowledge. And in the same measure that the law is made simpler and clearer, men become ever more and more united with each other.

XCI

1.

It is well for a man to reflect upon what he is, with his body that seems to him so great compared with a flea, and so tiny compared with the earth. It is well for him to reflect further that all this earth of ours is but a grain of sand in comparison with the sun, and the sun—nothing when compared with the star Sirius, and Sirius—nothing to other greater stars, and so on without end. What is man with his body, compared to the sun and the stars? Nothing. And if we reflect, moreover, that there was not a hint of any one of us, when hundreds and thousands of years ago men such as we lived here on earth, like us were born, grew up, became old and died, that of these millions upon millions of men who were the same as I am now, there remains not a bone nor even the dust of a bone; that after us millions upon millions of men will live as we are living; that out of our dust the grass will grow, and sheep will eat the grass, and men, the sheep—and of us there will remain not a grain of dust, nor a memory—what are we then? Nothing.

We may be nothing, but this nothing understands itself and its place in the world. And if it understands, this understanding is not *nothing,* but something that is greater than all this infinite world and all this infinite time.

2.

God desires felicity for all and therefore if you desire felicity for all—that is, if you love—God dwells within you.

3.

People say when you do wrong, "Have you forgotten God?" This is a good saying. To have forgotten God means to have forgotten that which is always within you and by which you live.

To remember God is a great matter—not to remember Him in words, but to remember that He dwells in us.

4.

There is no body so strong and healthy that it may never be ill, there are no riches that may not be lost, no power that may not come to an end. All this is precarious. If a man puts his life in being a healthy, rich, important person, even if he gets what he strives for, he will always be fretting, fearing and grieving because he will see how all that in which he placed his life, is departing from him, and how he himself is little by little growing old, and approaching death.

What can you do to keep from worrying and fearing? There is only one way: put your life, not in that which passes away and perishes, but in that which does not and cannot perish—in the spirit that dwells in man.

5.

When a man leads a conscious life he often sees in himself two separate beings: one is blind and sensual, the other—clear-eyed, spiritual. The blind animal eats, drinks, rests, sleeps, propagates its kind and moves like a wound-up machine; the clear-eyed spiritual being which is bound to the animal does nothing of itself, but merely estimates the worth of the animal being's activity by coinciding with it when it approves this activity and diverging from it when it disapproves.

We call the clear-eyed spiritual being—conscience. Conscience, which always points out good, may be compared to the needle of a compass which always points to the north. So long as we do not depart from a northerly course, we notice no movement of the needle, and likewise we do not feel the manifestation of our spiritual nature in conscience until we draw off from good. But if we do a deed opposed to the course of conscience, our spiritual being points out the deviation of our animal activity from the demands of spiritual being.

6.

The consciousness of our spirituality is salvation from all things. No matter what happens to a man who is conscious of his spirituality—evil cannot touch him.

XCII

1.

We always feel light at heart after having done good to someone. This is because in doing something, not for ourselves, but for others, we find out more surely than ever that our life is not in us alone, but in all men, in all that lives. When we live only in ourselves, for ourselves alone, it is cramped and difficult for us; but when we feel that we live in all, it is easy and free. To him who lives only for himself all men and all things are enemies. To him who lives for others all men and the whole world are friends.

2.

If a man understands that he lives not by the body but by the spirit he will recognize this spirit in all that lives and feel his unity with all living things.

3.

If a man fails to see in his neighbor the same spirit that dwells in him, he is living as if in a dream. Only that man is awake and really living, who sees and feels in his neighbor the same spirit that dwells in him.

4.

By ceasing to respect a man because he is bad, stupid or unjust, we deprive ourselves of what is most necessary in life—the consciousness of our bond with all living things.

5.

We can find no trace of earthly origin in souls. There is nothing composite in them, nothing that could arise from or be formed on earth, nothing akin to water, earth or fire. Neither in water, nor air, nor fire is there anything that has capacity to remember, to understand, to think, to retain the past, to glance into the future, to comprehend and give meaning to the present. Hence there is in each of us something distinct from all that is material, something that we call the spirit.

6.

To make it easy to live with a man, think of what you have that is common to both of you, the same in both, and not of what you have that is separate and different.

XCIII

1.

People speak variously of God but they all feel and understand Him in the same way.

2.

Men say that God dwells in heaven, they call Him the Heavenly King, and they also say that He lives in man.

"Is there no God in you?" people say to a man when he does wrong. And this is right. What we call God we see both in the heavens and in every man. If we look at the sky on a winter night, we see stars, stars —star beyond star, without end.

And when we consider that each of those stars is many, many times greater than the earth on which we live; that beyond the stars we see there are hundreds, thousands, millions of stars like them or greater; and that there is no end to the stars or to the heavens—we understand there is something we cannot grasp. And this something that we cannot grasp, we call God.

When we look into ourselves, we see what we call our self, our own soul. This soul can neither be touched, nor heard, nor seen, nor understood, but we know it better than anything else, and through it we know all that exists. And that which is incomprehensible but all-comprehending in our own soul, we also call God.

So that we know God outside ourselves, in the physical infinity that we see round us, as well as in the spiritual infinity that we feel in our own souls.

3.

Man cannot help feeling that something is being done with his life, that he is someone's instrument. But if he is someone's instrument, there must be One who works by means of him. The one who works by means of him is God.

4.

Man must love, but he can only really love that in which there is no evil. Hence there must be something in which there is no evil. And there is only one being in whom there is no evil—God.

5.

You may keep from mentioning the name of God, you may avoid this word, but you cannot fail to recognize His existence. Nothing exists if He does not.

(To be Continued)

Equality of Religions

I have never liked the word "toleration." Kaka Saheb too did not like it. He suggested "respect for all religions." I do not like that either. Toleration implies something wanting in the thing tolerated. Respect savours of patronage. But *ahimsa* teaches us to cultivate equimindedness towards all religions. In terms of *ahimsa* neither toleration nor respect are sufficient words to denote our conduct, as it should be, towards other religions.

No doubt admission of the equality of the other religions with one's own presupposes imperfection of the latter. Truth and *ahimsa* do teach us to admit such imperfection. If we know the whole truth, where is the need for search after truth? Possession of perfect knowledge of Truth means the possession of divinity. For we believe that Truth is God. It is because we do not know the whole Truth that we engage in an incessant search after it, and that is man's greatest privilege and duty. Admission of our imperfection is thus indispensable for man's growth.

And if man is imperfect, any religion promulgated by him must be imperfect. We do not know the fully true religion, even as we do not know God. All religions are therefore imperfect and therefore liable to necessary modifications, which is the condition of growth. We should make a daily advance towards Truth, God. And if we consider all religions to be imperfect, there is no one religion higher than any other. This equimindedness does not prevent us from knowing the imperfections of the respective religions, including our own. We don't abandon our own faith because of its imperfections; we seek to remove them. And if we have cultivated the equimindedness towards the other faiths, we shall not hesitate to adopt what is good in them, but what may be wanting in ours. Acceptance of the equality of religions necessarily prevents proselyting.

Religions are God-given, as all Truth is, but they are promulgated and interpreted by men. And since we do not know whose interpretation is the only true one, we are driven to the belief that all are both true and untrue. Interpretations are true for those who honestly believe them, otherwise for those who cannot. And if we would give the same credit for correct judgment to the others as we claim for ourselves we should have no difficulty in accepting the equality of all religions.

This equimindedness does not mean indifference to one's own faith. It purges one of fanaticism and makes one's love for one's own faith purer. Our inner sight is opened only if we have arrived at this equimindedness. And if the inner sight is opened we shall know our own faith better than before.

Here the distinction between religion and irreligion is not abolished. In our vow we have definitely in mind the accepted faiths of the world, their fundamentals are identical. They have all thrown up sages and saints, and the process is going on even during our own generation.

Thus there is an apparent difference between the equimindedness in regard to religion and the equimindedness towards all life enjoined by the "Gita." The latter is, or ought to be, exercised towards the good as well as the evil. We must love the wicked with the good and never wickedness.

The question naturally arises: if all religions are equal, where is the necessity for many? We have to do with the fact as it is. Life is surely one, but the bodies are many. The various religions are bodies to the one essential Truth. The tree is one. Its branches are many.

—*M. K. Gandhi.*

News of India

The Study Table

A New Life of Jesus

Biographies of Jesus are innumerable, but they can be divided into two groups.

On the one hand there is the group in which the great biography by Renan is a standard and Professor Case's recent volume a contemporary illustration, which is predominantly scientific or scholarly in character. Some of the biographies in this group, like Renan's masterpiece, may also have great literary value, but their purpose is wholly dictated by the desire to find and set forth the truth. These scientific biographies are preeminently critical. They study the Gospels from the standpoint of the standards of the higher criticism, and use the scant and frequently indefinite information thus obtained as the basis of their story. These biographies are the ones to which we turn to find the little that may be known about the Nazarene today.

On the other hand, there is the group of biographies which may be described as the sentimental group. Of these the classical example is Dean Farrar's "Life of Christ," and the most conspicuous recent example, Papini's book of the same title. These biographies of the Nazarene have no scientific value of any kind. Their authors take the Gospels just as they stand, accept them without study or descrimination, and use their material as the basis of an extravagant elaboration of the story of Jesus's career. Their data are not facts but imagination. Their purpose is not the truth, but frankly sentimental and frequently hysterical moralization of the New Testament tradition. One wonders, as one toils through the elaborate pages of these biographies, where the authors got all their information. Of course, they give us not information at all, so far as the historical record is concerned, but only their own vain and often vapid dreams to as what Jesus did and the kind of man he was. Such biographies, whatever their occasional interest as works of art, do endless harm in preserving a picture of the Nazarene which is as unreal as a Christmas card.

Basil Mathew's new life of Jesus* belongs to this second group of biographies. It is obviously uncritical and frankly sentimental. Mr. Mathews takes the Gospels just as they stand, and, like all his predecessors, elaborates them with almost infinite detail. The birth in the Bethlehem manger, the wise man and the shepherds, the flight into Egypt, the raising of Lazarus from the dead and all the other miracles, the crucifixion stories, the resurrection and the ascension—all these are exploited by Mr. Mathews as though they were really true and thus included in his narrative as sober history. From this standpoint, of course, his book is worthless. It is only one more of the all too numerous sentimental narratives of the New Testament.

Yet his biography is not to be classified with the worst specimens of its kind, certainly not with Farrar's nauseating volumes, nor with Papini's hysterical extravaganza. For one thing, Mr. Mathews has command of a beautiful literary style and possesses a sound poetic taste. Furthermore, his story is checked at every point by an accurate and appreciative knowledge of the land of Palestine, gained from long sojournings in that region of the Near East. There is therefore a sense of reality as well as of beauty in what Mr. Mathews has written. There are some of us to whom biographies of Jesus of this type have long since become impossible. They teach no truth and, in the strict sense of the word, serve no good purpose. But those who like to read the sentimental effusions of gospel worshippers are commended to Mr. Mathew's work as perhaps the least offensive of its kind. If only for the photographs, real scenes of contemporary Palestine used as illustrations of scenes in Jesus's life, the book would have claim upon our attention.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Life of Jesus," by Basil Mathews. Published by Richard G. Smith, Inc., New York.

Book Notes

The Habit of Happiness, by Sister Devamata. Ananda-Ashrama, La Crescenta, California.

In which Sister Devamata proclaims the need for real happiness in a world drunk with pleasure, and tells how the habit of happiness may be attained. Back of and underneath all development are discrimination and detachment, investigation and choice, scrutiny and volition. The book concludes with a number of sayings from various sources, the repetition of which, it is alleged, "will brighten the mood."

The Quakers as Pioneers in Social Work, by Dr. Auguste Jorns. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.

The author shows how the inner light led the Quakers into all sorts of humanitarian causes, including relief of the poor and the insane, prison reform, improvement in education, the battle against alcohol, the promotion of justice in trade and commerce, the abolition of slavery, and the movement for the establishment of the one-price idea. Quakers have aimed high spiritually and have lived on a high plane socially. The reader is disappointed to find that the work was written twenty years ago, and so does not contain a record of important modern doings of the Quakers.

The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, by F. Yeats-Brown. The Viking Press, New York, N. Y.

For the blending of routine life, exciting physical adventure, and spiritual interest and insight, this work has few equals. One wonders how the author was able to break the red tape that binds a soldier, also how he broke through the crust of Occidental culture, and found his way into the life of India. Few persons have done it, and fewer still have written so charmingly. A vivid and original work.

John Wesley, by Arnold Lunn. Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, New York.

A realistic yet sympathetic biography, in which a great preacher and churchman is vividly portrayed. Here is published for the first time a translation of Wesley's famous cipher letter refuting charges against his character.

Twenty-four Views of Marriage. The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y.

Nothing is surer than that the institution of marriage is in for a period of severe testing and criticism. The predominance of opinion, as is to be expected, is on the more conventional attitudes. But many thoughtful and scientific minds are in favor of breaking up the old attitudes and experimenting in other directions. The volume is a good survey by many writers of the current discussion on the subject.

CURTIS W. REESE.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 178)

warming. But it was a new America I saw— an America with breadlines—thousands of men standing in line, waiting for a piece of bread. The fifty story buildings towered, glistening into the air, the rich people rolled by in their automobiles, while a crust to prevent starvation, was thrown to hungry, shivering men. What is the matter with us? Every little grocery store was heaped high with food; sunkissed oranges and fresh peas—every known fruit and vegetable in perfection—a sight that made Swiss food stores look pitiful. Too much food in America and people starving, too many clothes and blankets and people shivering with cold, too much gold in the banks and the banks going bankrupt. We have built an American castle. We have put a high tariff wall around us. Both imports and exports are restricted. Inside, machine production has exceeded human consumption. Work has now slowly decreased. Six million are without employment and without any unemployment insurance. We have pursued our policy of isolation and money getting; now we find ourselves in our castle — overstocked, underfed, with money and men idle.

What can we do? We must build a new boat. There is no other answer. A boat that can sail any sea, unhampered by trade restrictions—a boat of interdependence and internationalism. There are a few faint signs of dawning light. Some big business men recognize that the capitalist system has failed. Said Mr. Wiggin, the Director of the Chase National Bank, one of the biggest banks in America, in an interview the middle of January: "We must lower our tariffs and cancel half the war debts." Said another business man with whom I talked and who has suffered greatly financially: "We had it coming to us. I'm glad it has come. We must learn to organize for service instead of for greed."

These are straws perhaps but if America wakes, she will act. She is young, independent, cocksure of herself. But once the truth dawns she has failed—nothing can stop her. If she gets the vision of world oneness, unity and brotherhood, she will seize it in her hands and seeing no obstacles, make it a reality. America yet may save the world from the broken down capitalist system of competition and greed.

But I must turn from America in general to America in particular, to the United States Section of the W.I.L. This section, as may be judged, from what has been written above, is having its difficulties in securing adequate financial support. Up to now it has ordered 9,000 copies of *Pax* every month and paid for them and given a subscription to *Pax* to each National member who paid her dues. It now feels it cannot assume this financial burden after April 1st. But it has agreed that every one of the 9,000 members shall be written to and asked to subscribe to *Pax*. Dear U. S. reader this means the fate of *Pax* is in your hands. If we cannot get at least 5,000 of the 9,000 U. S. National members, paying fifty cents a year to Geneva for their paper, there will not be funds enough to go on with. We know it is annoying to have to send fifty cents a year to Geneva, but if the sum is too small—cheer our hearts and send us a dollar. We can cash a check on any U.S. bank or you can send a post office order. Please don't forget the postage to Geneva is five cents. We have to pay six cents for each letter when you forget and this adds up. Please, dear reader, and now I am addressing all of you who may read this, help us in this time of transition. Whoever you are—wherever you are—if you have not paid your fifty cents subscription (2.50 francs) for 1932, please do so. This does not apply to the International members who pay five dollars a year, for fifty cents of that five dollars always goes to *Pax*. Remember when you pay your subscription, you are doing more than pay for your paper. You are creating a link between women the world around, which may brings peace upon earth. Make you check out to Pax International, and not to the W.I.L. Otherwise funds get confused. Send care of M. Z. Doty, 12 Rue du Vieux College, Geneva, Switzerland.

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